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All lovers of Lancashire literature will welcome the appearance of *Ben Brierley's Monthly Journal*, the first number of which was published this month. The weekly publication has for a long time had a high reputation for articles in the vernacular, and those in the new periodical are fully up to the standard. In addition to this, there is a good collection of "magazine stories," so that the *Journal* will prove of interest to ordinary readers who do not understand or enjoy the subtleties of the Lancashire dialect. The contents of the number are very varied, so that everybody's taste will be satisfied. In addition to twenty-six lengthy stories, poems, and papers, there is a great number of interesting "scraps;" the whole combining to make the *Journal* an admirable means of passing an idle hour away.—*Southport Visitor*, February 4th.

People will now have the option of buying the *Journal* weekly or in parts of four weeks, as convenience or fancy may dictate. The alteration is thus one which adds dignity to the periodical and consults the interests of purchasers. We hope it may be attended with all the results its well-wishers anticipate.—*Cheshire County News*, January 31.

Ben Brierley's Journal has for a long time enjoyed a high reputation, not only for its tales and sketches in the "native tongue," but for the

general merits of its literary articles and "scraps." It is now commenced in a new series, and published in monthly parts as well as weekly. The part before us is full of reading, contributed by good and racy writers, not the least of whom is the editor's friend, Mr. Ab-o'th-Yate. Mr. Ben Brierley has now issued his *Journal* for more than ten years, and a better magazine we do not know to recommend to general readers.—*Leigh Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal is a household word in Lancashire; and much as it has been popular in these districts, we opine that in its new and more attractive form it will be a greater favourite with its numerous readers. "Ab-o'th-Yate" has not yet exhausted his humour, and we anticipate now and again a pleasant and amusing effusion from his pen. Besides "Ab," there is no lack of talent on the *Journal*, and in some of its articles, stories, and sketches, it will bear comparison with metropolitan journals of far higher pretensions.—*Oldham Chronicle*, January 29th.

The first part of the new series of this work has just come to hand. The contents are really charming, and cannot fail to brighten many a gloomy face. We recommend the work to our readers, feeling sure that its new form of appearance will, in itself, be recommendable.—*Masbro' and Swinton Times*, January 31st.

The first monthly part of a new series of an old familiar journal in the "Lanky" dialect—*Ben Brierley's*—has been forwarded to us for notice. It gives a bit of everything "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." It is in the language best understood by the masses of our Lancashire operatives, and contains exactly the kind of wit and humour which is most relished by the people of this and other towns and villages in the county palatine.—*Darwen News*, February 1st.

This journal is widening and improving its sphere—is aiming to be entertaining not only as a Lancashire, but as a general periodical; and we wish it success. For upwards of ten years the *Journal* has been established, charming during the period many with its stories and sketches; and now the editor, aided by duly-selected literary auxiliaries, means to make it yet more widely known and agreeable. The first monthly part, which has been sent to us, contains stories and sketches of various kinds—some in the dialect of the county—poetical and comical composition, biographical, antiquarian, scientific, and anecdotal matter; here and there we have an illustration; and altogether, considering its price and provincialism, it is a very deserving production. Lancashire people in particular ought to give a hearty support to this literary enterprise.—*Preston Chronicle*, February 1st.

Anything conducive to the acceptability of this

excellent periodical will always be viewed with satisfaction. The thoroughly wholesome style of its writings, the fact that Mr. Brierley and his associates possess the secret of being thoroughly amusing, and making a bid for the most extended popularity, without descending to the arts of the "penny dreadful," renders the journal in question one which it is desirable to encourage. In its own line we do not know that *Ben Brierley's Journal* has a rival. In any other part of England it is very probably without a competitor; in Lancashire, this is true certainly. From Jan., 1879, the journal, although the weekly issues will still be continued, will take rank among the "monthlies."—*Stockport Chronicle*, Jan. 31st.

Messrs. Abel Heywood and Son, of Manchester, send us a copy of *Ben Brierley's Journal* (5d.) This is full of stories well suited to the tastes of the good folk of Lancashire, and the very name of the journal has a ring of good-fellowship about it which should secure a large circulation amongst those who love a "gradely honest mon."—*The Fountain*, February 6th.

It is with pleasure we greet the first monthly number of this journal, and we are persuaded that it will be well received by the admirers of Lancashire dialect. When we see such names as Ben Brierley, E. A. Axon, J. Barnes, and other prominent writers, who contribute largely to this periodical, we may be sure that it contains some enjoyable reading, and this issue does credit to all concerned.—*Salford Chronicle*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal has entered upon a new series, and is taking new paths, while the old ones are not neglected. The fresh spurt which has been made is one which is sure to commend itself to a wider field of readers, and to readers of broader and more varied tastes. In addition to the weekly issue there is now a monthly number, the first of which is before us. It contains a good deal to specially interest readers in this neighbourhood. *Ben Brierley's Journal* is trying to deserve greater success, and we have no doubt it will achieve it.—*Eccles Advertiser*, February 8th.

Ben Brierley's Journal contains a fair amount of entertaining matter; and, cultivating as it does the vernacular to a very large extent, it is an especial favourite with Lancashire readers. With January of the present year was commenced a new series, into which several improvements are introduced. Though the matter is chiefly what might be termed "light" in its complexion, yet there are not wanting contributions of a solid character, and several of these are illustrated with characteristic woodcuts. It is, taken as a whole, a cheap and ably-conducted popular serial.—*Barnsley Chronicle*, February 15th.

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Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now Offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 2/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 171.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SOUP AND CHURCH DEFENCE IN ANCOATS.

WERE anything needed to prove that we have in Ancoats fallen into the hands of the salt of the earth—shortness of work notwithstanding—the events of the week just past would prove the major premise fully. But sterling goodness is so retiring in its character, there must needs be some circumstance out of the ordinary course to bring hidden virtues before the public gaze. There is, however, a compensating element in public life which is sure to publish the good deeds as well as the evil deeds of leading citizens, and it is to this element we are indebted for the rich treat afforded by the Church defence lectures of last week. With an alacrity creditable to their heads and hearts, the principal employers of labour in the New Cross and St. Clement's Wards formed a relief committee at a very early part of this winter, and it is doubtful if any local committee has done nearly so much to keep the wolf from the door of thousands of destitute homes as has the New Cross Committee. But not to be captious over such a praiseworthy matter as the relief of the poor, I will dismiss the matter with the observation that the committee's labours were noticed with commendation by the public journals several times during the severest season of the distress. Whilst the committee were thus actively engaged in their charitable work all questions of politics were allowed to slumber, and, indeed, it would be difficult to appraise the modicum of credit to be attached to either of the great political parties for their labours on that occasion. To do so would be an invidious task in which I would not lead the way, though this must on no account be interpreted as a tacit admission of anything discreditable to the Liberal party. The truth seems rather to be that the firebrands of the rival camps for the time being drowned their differences in a bowl of soup.

About a month ago the labours of the relief committee may be said to have mainly ended. Released from the duties of attending to the wants of the bodies of the people, the rival committees of the Liberal and Conservative Clubs appear to have thought that now was the very nick of time at which to attempt the propagation of their opinions. The people of Ancoats, having been fed so long on soup, might naturally be expected to be ready and able to take some intellectual food. But at this point the opinions of the committees are widely at variance. What is food to the Liberal is nauseous to the Conservative, and *vice versa*. The Liberal committee obtained the services of the Rev. J. Browne, B.A., to lecture upon the failure of the Church of England, as an Established Church, in her work among the people. That lecture was announced for Tuesday evening, to take place in the Liberal Club Room. The Conservative committee appear to have thought that a B.A. could be successfully matched by a D.D. any day, so they secured the services of Dr. Potter, who was engaged to reply to Mr. Browne on the Wednesday night, leaving the Doctor one day to prepare a lecture to affirm the success of the Church of England, and also to answer the Liberal lecturer whatever he might say. This was a formidable task for any man to engage, and how the Rev. Doctor essayed his task is a "caution." Mr. Browne delivered a closely-reasoned and powerful impeachment of the Church of England, pointing out that by her neglect of the common people she had thrust them into Dissent, whilst by her alliance with the State, the Church pastors had become independent of their flocks, listless in the performance of their duties, and indifferent to the voice of public opinion. From these causes the majority of the people had left the pale of her Communion, and satisfied the longings of their souls by forming other religious corporations. The lecture was altogether such a performance as might have been expected from a Dissenting B.A., for no man can obtain a degree by eating dinners in the Colleges affected by the Nonconformist gentry. The converse of this is true as regards the Establishment.

True to announcement, the Rev. Dr. Potter essayed to refute Mr.

Browne on Wednesday night, and the attempt was unique of its kind, and in some respects highly successful. The Doctor proceeded upon the plan that one good joke is worth two heavy arguments. He treated his hearers to numerous stories, which were intended as answers to Mr. Browne's arguments, but the relevancy of the larger part of them escaped my observation, and altogether the Doctor's performance was of the character Goldsmith ascribed to the village schoolmaster—

"With words of learned strength and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around."

The Doctor appears to be a sort of wandering Church knight, ready to lead the van in defence of mother church whenever and wherever his services are desired, and a better sample of a popular controversial speaker it would be difficult to find. Not that I mean to say he answered Mr. Browne's arguments, or indeed appeared much to care for his arguments. The Doctor's philosophy appears to be something of this sort:—The Church is here; the Church is right; if the people don't care for the Church, so much the worse for the people. The Rev. Doctor said a little man once got up in a Church Defence meeting, and asked him did the Queen love the Doctor more being a Churchman, than she loved this little man, he being a Dissenter? The Doctor replied, of course she did. Why? asked the little man. Because, said the humorous Doctor, I am a better-looking man than you. The little man subsided. He was crushed. That was very cruel of the Doctor, I think, and a splendid defence of the Church. Moral—Never send a little man to confront the Doctor. Moral the second—When the Church is again assailed, treat the audience to a bowl of soup at the beginning of the meeting—people can laugh more heartily off a full stomach. Moral the third—The quality of the soup is much more important than the quality of the lecture; and, lastly, a good joke has more fun in it than a good argument, and is more readily understood, so the Church authorities are recommended to prepare a handbook of tales and jokes for Church defence. I make no charge for this suggestion; the Church can have it "free gratis for nowt."

JUSTICE TO IRELAND!

ONCE more have the Government refused to deal out even-handed justice to Ireland. By 256 votes to 187 the House of Commons, at the bidding of Ministers, has refused to give Ireland the same franchise in boroughs as both England and Scotland enjoy. In the thirty-one boroughs in Ireland there are 886,356 persons, but only 54,218 electors; while Manchester, with a population of 379,374, has 60,583 electors. Is that right and fair? Ireland can never be at rest so long as such injustice is done to her, such insult heaped upon her. Men are coming to see this more and more clearly. "The truth is," says the *Examiner*, "and the sooner it is recognised the better, that Ireland must and will remain disaffected so long as we deny to her the rights which we enjoy ourselves, and insist on applying to her principles or methods of government which we will not tolerate nearer home. In order to win the attachment of Ireland we must deserve it; and that we shall not do so long as we treat her people with ill-concealed suspicion, or impose upon them badges of political inferiority. Arguments for Home Rule or the Repeal of the Union are not likely to fail as long as they are supplied by such debates and divisions as that of Friday night. The best allies, whether of Mr. Butt or of Mr. Parnell, are the Government and the parliamentary majority, which forge for these gentlemen better weapons than they can make for themselves." Irishmen must be duller than we believe them and know them to be, if they hesitate much longer in heartily casting in their lot with the Liberals, who, after all, are their only true friends.

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

"SILENCE IN COURT!"

[FROM A DEFUNCT MANCHESTER PAPER.]

THE most energetic and prudent of your young men (in such terms you were kindly pleased to allude to him in a recent conversation, as he has been informed by a common acquaintance*) having almost ruined himself in a pecuniary sense, in prosecuting inquiries concerning alleged evils in connection with public-houses, on your behalf, determined to close work and go home. It was on Monday last that your M. E. & P. Y. M. sacrificed his personal comfort to promote the public interest,† at your expense and that of his friends whom he casually met in the course of his peregrinations, and at a late hour in the evening of that day he attempted the task of travelling on foot (cab out of the question, for reason already mentioned) from the heart of the city to the magnificent suburban villa your princely generosity enables him to hang out in. By accident or design, three or four warehouse steps, placed one above another, and reared up against a doorway, lay in his path. Over these he unfortunately stumbled, and immediately assumed a prostrate position, from which he in vain attempted to release himself. An officer of the police force discovered your M. E. & P. Y. M. in this undignified position, and, instead of sympathising with your unfortunate young friend, murmured something to the effect that he would "run him in" if he didn't "get out o' that." Your M. E. & P. Y. M. made a superhuman effort to resume the perpendicular, in which he, to a certain extent, succeeded, and, feeling in his trousers pocket, he discovered lurking in a corner a solitary sixpence, which he handed over to the officer, accompanied by a remark addressed in clear and decisive tones, conveying an assurance, given upon his sacred honour, that "all was right; that he was square now," &c., &c.; upon which the "active and (very) intelligent" departed in an opposite direction to the one your M. E. & P. Y. M. attempted to pursue.

The next morning it occurred to your valued representative that he might very easily have been locked up the previous night. Supposing he had not had sixpence!‡ Or supposing he had been of a pugnacious disposition, as some of his colleagues are, and he had cut up rough with the hobby? How then? He reflected very seriously on the contingencies which might possibly have arisen; and, impelled by an irresistible desire to see how it might have fared with him, he washed, dressed, breakfasted, borrowed half-a-crown from his landlady, and directed his steps to the police-courts in Minshull Street.

Arrived there, your representative forbore to subject himself to the overwhelming civilities and attentions which would necessarily have been showered upon him had he presented his card. He therefore took up his position in the gallery of the court. The public was represented by himself and five others.

Leaning upon an iron rail, between a gentleman who was evidently a chimney-sweep imperfectly washed, on the one side, and a stout, respectfully-dressed, middle-aged man on the other—who at intervals during his stay of two hours informed him confidentially, at least half-a-dozen times, that it was money they wanted—your representative watched and listened.

There were half-a-score charges disposed of in about double the number of minutes. The proceedings were something in this wise:—

Grey-headed policeman in dock peers down an aperture most resembling a ship's hatchway, and mumbles.

Jack-in-the-box business. Somebody comes up.

Officer No. 2, preferring the charge in witness-box, left hand side, book in hand.

Officer No. 3, at table beneath magistrates' desk, Mumble, mumble, "s'help you, God!" Officer kisses book.

Magistrate looks at officer preferring charge, and makes slight motion with quill pen, which means, "Now, go ahead! what is this case?" &c.

Officer No. 2: "Last night"—mumble, mumble—"prisoner drunk"—mumble, mumble—"refused to move"—mumble.

Magistrate adjusts eyeglass, sets prisoner point blank, "Anything to say?"

Prisoner shakes his head, or says, "No, sir," as the case may be.

"Five shillings or seven days," is the magisterial fiat.

Grey-headed policeman hands prisoner down the hole.

Everybody shuffles a bit.

* Nothing of the kind.—Ed.

† After this assertion, we decline to identify ourselves with any statement he may make.—Ed.

‡ Which he wouldn't if the houses had closed half-an-hour later.—Ed.

Officer No. 2: "Silence!"

Time occupied, by Benson's chronograph, 2min. 7sec.

There were several cases individualised by the peculiarities surrounding the offence.

One comfortably-dressed, middle-aged woman was charged with being disorderly, but not drunk, and creating a disturbance in the street. The lady brought a counter-charge against the policeman of drinking at the beer-shop next to the house she occupied, and afterwards behaving in a very indelicate manner at her bakehouse window, when, on her remonstrating with him, he jeeringly asked her, Did she see the Shah? The alleged breach of the peace arose from this practice, not only on the part of the policeman, but of the beerhouse-keeper's customers generally, and the lady's vehement and demonstrative protest against it.

She was discharged.

A trashy-looking little foreigner, with his hair reeking with oil and hanging half-a-yard down the shoulders of his well-worn velvet coat—a gentleman whom, if we mistake not, we have seen doing a little quack-doctor business in Shudehill Market—had something to say in reply to the charge of drunkenness; but that something was an expression of contrition, and a promise never to repeat the offence. One other oldish man we observed did the same thing. In both cases—half-a-crown or three days. Several entered into elaborate explanations as to how they came to be in the state they were accused of being; others disputed the officers' statements; others, again, laboured under the disadvantage of having "been there before." In all these cases the penalties were heavier. Some cases seemed trivial ones indeed, and your M. E. & P. Y. M. is afraid ought not to have been brought at all. Whether it was accidental or not cannot be said, but this day the men charged were all undersized men, or merely lads; and many were accused of violence to the police as well as the lesser offence. Where are the big, powerful, heavy-weight, six-foot ruffians one sees now and again rolling along the street, and making disturbances on the king's highway? Perhaps your young man got into the wrong court.

In summing up his two hours' experience of the police-courts, your most, &c., has arrived at the following conclusions, viz:—

That the police are immaculate.

That it is well to have sixpence handy, in case, &c.

That to say nothing is 5s.

That to express contrition, and humble yourself by promising you'll never do so any more—2s. 6d.

That to enter into any sort of defence whatever, or contradict the policeman, or say anything about his having used his staff, is fatal to your interests, and you must not be at all surprised at 40s. 6d. or one month.

"SILENCE IN COURT!"

THE CARILLONS.

[A SUGGESTION.]

OUR carillons, long waited for—
And long was hope deferred,
Before their vaunted melody,
By our strained ears was heard;
Whose merry music should have been
Just cause for civic pride,
Have proved themselves a laughing stock
For all the country side.
As, dribbling forth their halting notes
Slow falling from the sky,
Eight mortal times 'twixt sun and sun
They time and tune defy—
Although 'tis clear that we shall not
Much music ever get
From these poor bells, one thing remains,
We have the metal yet;
And therewith to commemorate,
In manner right and fit,
A glorious epoch in the life
Of every loyal cit;
Let's have these wretched, jangling bells,
The laughter of the town,
Swift lowered from their lofty perch,
And straightway melted down,
And from the metal, medals struck,
And given without delay,
To each who wore a new tail coat
Upon the opening day!

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

A TALE ABOUT A LOST ONE.

ONCE upon a time—oh! such a long time ago that no one seems correctly to know the date—there came to live in happy England a fine, portly gentleman, by name a Mr. Trade, whose disposition towards the good folks around him in particular, and everybody in general, was so kind, gentle, and amicable, that everyone at once took this good soul into their confidence, which action, on their part, he so much valued that he started to employ all who chose to apply to him for work, thus sending mirth and happiness into every homestead, but the good old man died at last—not, however, without leaving a most precious legacy in the person of a good and valued son, Brisk by name, who, through the good training he had received from his father, began to be equally respected, and the good people of this country thought they could do no greater honour to his sire than by giving him a title, and accordingly never thought of speaking of him as any other than Brisk Trade, Esquire, and so matters prospered for a long time with this truly happy family. But a change came at last, for it so happened that this good man had a half cousin, a villainous fellow—by name Ti Rade—who kept anything but the best of company, still one who might have been reformed but for the ill advice offered to him by his reprobations comrades, named respectively, Morew Ages, Lessti Me, and Stri Kes, who had fully made up their minds to bring about the downfall of this good man, Brisk Trade, Esq., and with whose plans this misled Ti Rade unfortunately decided to throw in his lot. This good and meek man consequently began to feel very despondent at the action towards himself of those for whose sole good he and his father before him had so zealously laboured, and tried every means in his power to convince them of his still good intentions towards them, and of the error of their ways, but all to no purpose. They were pigheaded in their obstinacy, and used to hold meetings continually to denounce this public benefactor, and did so far succeed as to corrupt great masses to their own fatal belief. Well, this so preyed on the mind of their well-wisher as to throw him into a decline, which illness necessitated his keeping within doors for the greater part of each week, and his consequent much less appearance in society; in fact, he had become a broken-down man. It so happened that at one of these meetings, being touched with a feeling of remorse, they resolved to send a deputation to enquire after his health, and accordingly sent Messrs. U. Nion and Stri Kes to his house, more with the view of extorting money than anything else. But judge of their surprise when one morning, early last year, they found the house empty and the good man gone. Yes, he was so impaired in health that he had fled his country, to seek a climate free from this abuse, and more conducive to his health. And not until he was gone, and they themselves began to starve and want work, did these foolish people really know the value of this their real friend. And now they venture all sorts of conjectures as to his whereabouts, and long for his return. Some say he went to America, some to France, others to Germany, while some even venture to say he is dead and to speak with respect of the departed, saying it was not altogether their fault, as there had been a woman (root of all evil), a Mis(s) Government, who had partially deceived them.

P.S.—This noble man had lived a bachelor, and, consequently, leaves no heir.

AN EXCELLENT SUGGESTION.

WHAT most persons will regard as an excellent suggestion is made by a correspondent of the *Standard* with reference to the 24th Regiment. It is this: that a subscription be got up in every regiment, both among officers and non-commissioned officers, to present the glorious old 24th with two pieces of plate, one for the officers' and the other for the non-commissioned officers' mess, and that old retired officers be allowed to subscribe. "We all know," says the correspondent, "how keenly the regiment will feel the loss of its colours; they will consider it such a reproach, and they know right well that years hence, when the glorious conduct of the regiment will be forgotten, the fact that the 24th lost their colours will be remembered. But the 'Green Howards' covered themselves not with dishonour but with glory the day they were lost. The tears ran down my face as I struck the names out of my *Army List* of two-and-twenty fine fellows, officers of the 24th Foot, who, with five hundred gallant non-commissioned officers and men defended with their life's blood the colours of the old corps, and I thought how hard it would be if that regiment were ever reproached with their loss." We hope the suggestion will not be overlooked.

A POOR PARSON'S PERPLEXITIES.

WRITING to a Church paper, "A Poor Parson" pours forth a piteous plaint as to his perplexities and plaints. "Lately," he says, "I was appointed vicar of a large village in the diocese of Lincoln, and one of my earliest duties was to unite a couple in marriage, after due publication of banns. When the ceremony was finished the clerk casually said, 'This man buried his wife about a year ago, and has now married her sister, both very good young women.' In surprise I exclaimed, 'You ought to have told me this before, because such a marriage is not legal.' 'Oh, sir!' he replied, 'this is very common here, and nobody thinks anything about it.' And he then turned over the leaves of the Marriage Register, and I was perfectly astonished at the number of instances he pointed out. But now, what was I to do? I was sorely puzzled, yet anxious to do my duty as clergyman to my parish; but the more I thought about the matter the more difficult it appeared. Various plans occurred to me. At first it seemed to be my plain duty to speak to these people, and try to convince them of the wrong they were guilty of in breaking the law, and warn them that they had forfeited Church membership, and could not be permitted to receive Holy Communion, &c.; but then it struck me that they would probably reply to these grave representations thus, 'It is true that a very small section of the Church of England opposes these marriages, but on the other hand, many of the most influential of her clergy and many Bishops are fully persuaded that they are not contrary to Holy Writ, and no sin is involved in them. Parliament, too, has spoken again and again very decidedly in their favour, and we are not all afraid of any censure from the world at large, for we have never heard of a single case in which a man or woman married under these circumstances has suffered any social disadvantage, and, as to the question of Church privileges, if we cannot obtain them in the parish church, why, the nearest chapel will gladly receive us, and grant full absolution for breaking a law which ought to have been repealed years ago.' And so this "Poor Parson," like so many others, has quietly to submit, for the people have taken to educating their masters in these degenerate days.

A PRESENT FOR THE PREMIER.

[BY A JINGO.]

"The Conservative working men propose to present a testimonial to the Premier, in recognition of his policy. It is to consist of a laurel-wreath in gold, of which each town is to contribute one leaf, and the subscriptions are to be limited to one penny. The gift is to be accompanied by an address containing the names of the subscribers." —Echo.]

COME, all ye Jingo working men, and listen to my lay,
And when it's done I'm certain you will all say "Hip, hooray."
A noble work we're doing, and for pieces we've appealed,
To give a testimonial to the Heart of Beaconsfield!

Just look what he has done for us, and for our nation, too—
The Afghan war, my rorty coves, just proves what he can do.
He doesn't stand to "hum and ha," but gives it to 'em hot;
Bah! Savages and Roosians is a blessed artful lot!

His bloomin foreign policy can do 'em all a treat,
And his cuttin little epigraphs no orryter can beat.
Let idiotic Gladstone rave, and stick to chopping oaks,
Or write about old Homer (one of them 'ere Latin blokes);

Bah! Gladstone aint a patch on Ben (the obstinate old mule),
For Benjamin's been brought up in a rather knowing school;
What splendid things old Dizzy's done to make our England great!
Why, didn't he permit the "pub's" to all keep open late?

I'll let yer in the secret—we was thinkin', don't yer brown?
Of making him a present of a golden laurel-crown.
And ev'ry town's to buy a leaf—oh, isn't it sublime?
And the working cove's subscription's is to be a "dee" a time!

And the best of the affair is this—that all the names of those
Which contribbits to the thing is to be written down in rows,
Which I think is rather proper; and it's quite within the reach
Of all to have their names down for it's cheap, a penny each!

What's that yer say? We'd better give the money to the poor?
Allevyate distress, and that? Good gracious! well, I'm sure!
You're goin' "balmy," aint yer? Let 'em work, and earn their grub,
It's hard enough to pay our weekly beer-score at the "pub!"

What! worship Beaky? Yes, we do, and proud of it we are;
He'll set the nation on its legs, for he's its guiding star!
Yer may call us Jingoos if yer like, we only want what's just,
And afore we'll knuckle down to Roosher, hang it, why, we'll bust!



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT it is a month to-day since the British army met with the terrible disaster in Zululand.

That it is nine days since the sad news reached England.

That few of the much-needed reinforcements have started yet.

That the Government have never wearied telling us any time during the last few years that the Army was in a splendid condition, and could take the field at a day's notice.

That the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it.

That only some eight thousand men are being despatched to South Africa, and it does not look as though they will leave our shores within a fortnight from the time the orders were given.

That this does not look much like efficiency and preparedness.

That at this rate reinforcements will reach Natal some two months after the disaster occurred at Rorke's Drift.

That—let us hope there has been, or will be, no other calamity in the interval.

That, if there isn't, we may thank Cetewayo.

That our P.D. now says that the Zulu King's motto is, not "Get-away-you," but "Cut-away-you."

That we have relinquished all hope of ever being able to report our P.D. correctly.

That the official correspondence about this Zulu War makes some startling revelations—that is, if anything can startle us now-a-days.

That Sir Bartle Frere was bent upon war all along, and at last made it inevitable, unknown to the Colonial Secretary.

That the Government did not supply the troops that were needed, and hence, in some degree, the disaster at Rorke's Drift.

That the *Pall Mall Gazette* is back to its old form.

That it wallows in blood.

That, according to our contemporary, "the Zulu chief is no bastard creation of a sham Republicanism, but the hereditary chief of a great circle of clans."

That the Zulus themselves, says the *P. M. G.*, are like the old Highlanders of Scotland, and must be put down in the same way as they were.

That it frequently proved to be no easy matter to put down the Highlanders.

That they had a nasty knack of knocking down their assailants, instead.

That the Zulus are described as magnificent men, physically.

That the Yorkshire gentleman who competed in the shooting at Castle Irwell on Monday, and missed every bird, was the most consistent shooter on the ground.

That, before again entering the arena as a competitor, he ought to practise upon some birds made of Clay, and have something to rest his gun upon.

That the Government have given Parliament so little to do this Session that Parliament is chiefly occupying its time in discussing how to go about it.

That Ministers don't want members to do too much.

That Irishmen have received another proof since Parliament met that the Tories are not in favour of dealing out even-handed justice to Ireland.

That the Income-Tax collectors will be down upon us soon again.

That of course we must pay dearly for Ministers' misdeeds.

That the sooner we cease to hear or think of Alice Adams, and the whole dirty business, the better will it be for us all.

That we wonder if it really was the convict Peace who shot P.C. Cook at Whalley Range on the 1st of August, 1876.

That, if so, what followed says little for our police and the administration of justice.

That, if Peace was the murderer, young Habron should be handsomely compensated by the Crown for the grievous wrong done him.

THE WAR WHOOP AGAIN.

OUR Imperialists and our Jingoos are at it again. Although the people are idle and starving at home, these Imperialists and Jingoos never weary in urging the Government to spend more and more money in going all round the world in search of savages with whom we can quarrel and whom we can afterwards butcher. Listen to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"The true corrective," it says, "of the partial and haphazard knowledge with which we have hitherto been contented is, of course, an accurate acquaintance with all parts of the empire in every man who pretends to be either a public man or a statesman. Why, then, is it that English statesmen are characterised by an ignorance so profound that when any one of them is placed for the first time at the head of the Colonial Office or the India Office it is as much as he can do if he can find his way on the map? The explanation is to be found in the prevalence until quite recently of the theory which those who follow it would not object to call the reverse of Imperialism. The condition of this theory is ignorance obstinately persevered in. It averts its eyes from the facts which it is unwilling to see. It refuses to recognise Russia or India or South Africa, or any of the more critically situated colonies. It has wiped from the tablets of its memory Kaffir wars, Maori wars, Abyssinian wars, and Ashantee wars. All these facts would unpleasantly disturb the assumption that the part of Englishmen in the world is to sit still, manufacture cotton with the proper admixture of China clay, and trust to British commonplaces to win for them the admiration of mankind. It happens that these commonplaces do not absolutely hold good even of British territory in their immediate neighbourhood. They do not hold completely good, for instance, of Ireland. But the serenity of those who are wedded to them is not broken by a little difficulty like this. They are equal to much greater things. If you direct their attention to India, they tell you that India is an anomaly which is only tolerable so long as the Hindoo is learning the arts of newspaper writing and parliamentary government. If you insist on their noticing the long array of British colonies, each with its special difficulty, they say that all colonies are destined to throw off the yoke of the mother country. If you point to the standing menace of the Russian movements, they answer that Russia has been much misunderstood, and is the champion of oppressed nationalities. These are the doctrines of the politician who loathes Imperialism. As we have said, their foundation is the grossest ignorance, sometimes genuine and sometimes wilfully affected. And the first recommendation of the opposite theory is that, if it does nothing else, it recognises facts. As a matter of fact, we have an empire; as a matter of fact, we have always fought and shall always fight for every fragment of it. The British Government which consistently accepted these facts would save more money in the long run than if it cut down all its estimates to mere nakedness and starvation." Of course, no Englishman would refuse to fight for the Empire when it happened to be really endangered. But that is a very different matter from picking quarrels with all the weak nations that are unfortunate enough to have us as neighbours in any quarter of the globe. For the manufacturer, the tradesman, and the working man, these are dreadful times. What of that, so long as they are good times for those who thirst after military "glory?"

DIAMOND RING, 2s. 6d.,

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CRIMINAL WORSHIP.

IT is a singular fact, but nevertheless a true one, that the greater the criminal, whose actions have caused a sensational excitement, is, in this country, the greater the idol we make of him. For some weeks past the whole of our reading population have been absolutely besotted with Peace-worship. No sooner has a really notorious criminal become convicted at the bar of English justice than he is immediately set up by the newspapers as a nucleus to both paper and contents' bill. Young and old rush impetuously to bow at the shrine of criminal worship, fascinated by the infamous notoriety which throws a sickly halo around his head; the morbid taste of the whole nation becomes so surfeited, and public morality so vitiated, that every nook and corner of the man's past life is assiduously searched for the purpose of finding out whether he is, or ever has been, in the slightest degree, connected with the place or person who wishes to mount a pedestal in one of the niches in the temple of fame, hanging to the villain's coat tails. Never did those seven cities more earnestly or vigorously strive for the honour of having given birth to Homer, than villages, towns, and even large cities are now, day by day, trying to prove that they have had the honour to either count Peace amongst their denizens, or to be the scene of some of his nefarious exploits. Women are proclaiming to the world with pride the delightful reminiscences of their former connection with one who, if his published portraits bear the slightest stamp of authenticity, would have been a much fitter companion for one of those interesting brutes of whom Du Chailla told such strange and wonderful stories. Letters are being written to the Home Secretary on behalf of, perhaps, the greatest scoundrel who ever carried the mark of Cain on his forehead. Schoolmasters are boasting of having had the honour of receiving a visit at their schools from this redoubtable rascal, as if such boast was an additional guarantee of the respectability of the establishment over which they hold jurisdiction. Photographs are being disposed of by thousands to decorate the albums of insipidly sentimental young ladies. Spurious memoirs of Charles Peace are being cried about the streets by the newsboys and matchlads, and we have not the slightest doubt that an early number of one or two of those delectable journals, which are specially devoted to juvenile delinquency, will announce the first chapter of a new and original romance of thrilling interest, entitled, "The Boy Burglar; or, the Midnight Hero." At least a dozen melodramas may be confidently anticipated on the subject at our different minor theatres, where the hero Peace, with his hair breadth escapes, will be nightly applauded to the echo.

Pilam qui meruit ferat—to give Peace credit for the abstraction of the missing "Duchess" is the last absurdity, and we have no doubt that if he was only kept in durance vile for another three months before finally making his *congé*, that he would be made the hero of every undiscovered crime which has been committed during the last half century.

Lastly, phrenologists, with their usual perspicuity (does that word mean impudence? P.D.), are proving the truth of their sublime science by showing that Peace is destitute of all moral qualifications; it is true that Peace had shown the whole world what is qualifications were before phrenology meddled with his organic system, but the fact, nevertheless, must remain unimpeached that it depended upon phrenology to prove that Peace was an exceedingly bad and immoral man! Who can doubt the science after this startling discovery? We remember that, after Blondin had performed his great rope-walking feats at Niagara, the phrenologists proved that he had a well-balanced brain and cranium, and we have no doubt whatever that if phrenologists could examine the skull of the late lamented William Shakspeare, they would immediately discover that he was well fitted to write plays; they would also easily find out by their scientific and delicate touch that Tennyson was a poet, or that Mr. Gladstone was an orator, or that Councillor Potts was a judge of horse-flesh, or that one or two of our city councillors could drink champagne. We wonder what they would discover in the heads of our present Cabinet—we should like to see the result of placing Lord Beaconsfield under the process.

SOME nights ago a remarkably prudent and abstemious gentleman so far forgot himself as to eat and drink a good deal too much just before retiring to rest. Shortly after midnight, when he ought to have been sleeping, he was wildly fleeing from an infuriated creditor, who was chasing him over a frozen road in his bare feet, shrieking at the top of his voice and only waiting to get near enough to smash him with a liver-pad weighing thirty-four pounds.

WAR AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

[BY W. D. BELMONT.]

I AM going into this subject with my life in my hand. I am about to impeach woman—not as represented by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, Miss Lydia Becker, and others of the highly-gifted ladies whom all delight to honour, but the ordinary rank and file of womankind. It will be well to clear the ground at once by observing that I am ready to admit all that has ever been said in praise of woman, except such praise as ascribes a peaceable character to her. The fact is, woman is a warrior by nature. From the time when Rahab sheltered the enemies of Jericho to the time when Queen Bess boasted her arm was the arm of a man, contending armies were almost invariably accompanied by the ladies of the principal officers, and many of the stories about Alexander, Cyrus, Darius, and others of the ancient heroes, are concerning their treatment of captured women. Who does not know of the Spartan women going to battle, and when victory crowned the Spartan arms how the mothers went out to recover their dead sons, bearing them home upon the warriors' shields, and crying out, "It was for this I bore him?" Artemesia, and Cleopatra, and legions of other women, have been the direct inciters to war, whilst Penelope was probably only restrained by the deeply pronounced conduct of Telemachus. But to leave these ancient personages, and come down to our own times, and among the ordinary class of people. Can anyone deny that the common soldiers are the most popular men among the working classes? Though only a very limited number of women are allowed "on the strength of a regiment," is it not notorious that all the houses in the neighbourhood of our barracks are occupied by women who have married without the sanction of the colonel, and whenever the regiment changes quarters have to shift for themselves, and usually leave debts among all the tradesmen who trust them. All these considerations go far to prove that soldiers, and, of course, the occupation of soldiers, has a charm for the female mind, and the accidental fact that soldiers shoot one another is the drop of bitters giving zest to the red cup which pleases a woman's eye. We must never forget that there is a strong element of attractiveness in the life of a soldier—attractive to women more than to men. To women because of the extreme fondness of the female mind for gorgeous display—the pomp and trappings of a son of Mars being an immense contrast to the dirty corduroy of a mechanic, and still more attractive than the common smock and hay-bound leggings of poor Hodge. What woman would take the pale, careworn face of a law, railway, or warehouse clerk, when the jolly rubicund countenance of a non-commissioned officer was inviting her hand. No; Janette may weep for Jeannot, but no garçon would have had a chance for her hand as long as the dashing soldier was willing to marry. Janette is still true to her nature, from the time that the serpent bit her heel she has continued to bruise his head. Woman is a Conservative by nature, also, and would cling to anything that was old because of its being old. She dislikes the open and generous spirit of Liberalism as being the gospel of upstarts. Her mind is despotic, and hates the intolerance of new ideas. The sphinx of her intellect is the man who has the audacity to venture an opinion in dissonance with hers. The Amazons of antiquity were renowned for their prowess; the Amazons of the present day are even more terrible; and yet woman is styled the *weaker sex*, the *gentle sex*, and the like. Think of the Dahomeyan body-guard as the *gentle sex*. Poor, conceited man has been cozened into the belief that he is the lord of creation. Poor fellow, he has made a terrible hash of his position. When he thinks he has his own way it is a delusion; it is that he has become infatuated with his own conceits, and, poor puppet as he is, he really does the behests of the *gentle sex* when he fondly imagines he is doing his own. Woman is the human representative of the Stormy Petrel. She is impatient of restraint; she is ever ready to "Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." If a man would save his life after marriage, he should remove to the next town, or marry a motherless woman. He should, besides, be severe with his wife for the first half year of wedlock. The man who goes on a honeymoon-trip is lost. It is Pegasus in pound. He may get home alive, but his most intimate friend scarcely knows him. He is in a deep matrimonial consumption. He is like the prodigal son—he has gone into a far country and wasted his substance. Now, the only man for whom there is any hope is your Liberal politician. His very politics show him to be a man who has gone on pilgrimage with a stout heart. He has passed the Slough of Despond, and come in sight of the wicket gate. He has not slept in the arbour. His eyes have not

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cannot be told from 22-carat gold. LOCKETS, 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. BROOCHES, 1s. 3d. and 2s. Earrings, 1s. 6d. and 2s. Alberts, 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d. All the above cases with gold and warranted to wear well. Sent post free. Catalogues post free. CARRINGTON & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 875, Kingsland Road, London, N. Money returned if not approved.

A PRIVILEGED PEOPLE.

WE ought to be thankful, we natives of Britain,
For the many delights we enjoy;
For according to matters in history written
Our happiness knows no alloy.
We have all we desire, and we cannot deny it,
Our island's the pride of the sea;
And as for oppression, we proudly defy it—
We live in the Land of the Free!

Why, I'm told that abroad all the people are fettered,
That lower and lower they sink,
I've read that they're ignorant, brutal, unlettered,
The slaves of a despot called drink!
And, abroad, they assure me that poverty's reckoned
The blackest of crimes that can be,—
Now, we would not tolerate this for a second—
We live in the Land of the Free!

A man in this nation can do what he chooses
Without being heavily taxed;
And merits reward, gentle Fate, ne'er refuses,
And Justice is never relaxed.
Our magistrates all are exceedingly clever,
And who has such rulers as we?
And we can't complain about poor-laws, no, never!
We live in the Land of the Free!

In England, all persons are equal, none greedy,
Not one would his neighbour defraud—
Not a law for the rich, and a law for the needy,
Which I'm told they indulge in abroad.
In those countries, I've heard "lords" appropriate land, too
(A shocking affair, you'll agree),
Now, this is a matter we never could stand to—
We live in the Land of the Free!

No game-laws are here to affect the poor peasant—
And commons they never enclose—
We've no queer bank directors to make things unpleasant,
No poor, minus victuals and clothes;
So let us rejoice that we live in a nation,
All happiness, virtue, and glee
(Where Jingoos don't go in for war-agitation)—
The Glorious Land of the Free!

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES AT THE ATHENÆUM.

ON Friday and Saturday evenings last, the members of the Athenæum Dramatic Reading Society gave two voluntary performances in the Lecture Hall, in aid of the funds of the Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools, which worthy institution is suffering in consequence of the present bad state of trade, that has thrown so many clerks, &c., out of employment. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that the proceeds from the two entertainments amounted to a very fair sum. The performances commenced each night with George Colman's comedy entitled *The Heir at Law*, and concluded with T. J. Williams' screaming farce entitled *My Turn Next*. The members of the A. D. R. S. may be congratulated on their entertainments being a success, and both the scenery and dresses were appropriate. Most of the characters were fairly represented by the several ladies and gentlemen. Of the ladies, Mrs. Bickerstaff sustained the rôle of "Lady Duberley" in her usual efficient manner. Miss A. Villiers made as much of the tame character of "Caroline Dormer" as it was possible for her to do, and Miss Warner would have been pleasing had she spoken less indistinctly. Of the gentlemen, Mr. Murray's rendering of the character of "Dick Dowlas," and Mr. Forrest's rendering of "Zekiel Homespun" both displayed fair acting talent, and showed that they had taken the trouble to study the business of their parts, and the latter succeeded in eliciting a great amount of laughter. Although Mr. J. Cavanah showed some good acting in "Dr. Pangloss," still it might have been better. Mr. Rumsey as "Lord Duberley" and Mr. Marriott as "Stedfast" added lustre to the piece by their careful acting, and Mr. Hall sustained the character of "Kenrick" (Miss Dormer's Irish servant) in an efficient manner. Of the three other gentlemen the less said the better. Of the characters in the farce Mrs. Bickerstaff's "Peggy," Mr. Rumsey's "Taraxicum Twitters," and Mr. Atkinson's "Tim Bolus" were all effectively personated, and they succeeded in extracting a great amount of genuine fun out of their parts.

THE CHRISTIAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—The *Christian* has fallen foul of the *Times* for expressing reliance on sanitary measures to keep the plague out of England. Without intending a pun, we may say this is not the first occasion on which a "Christian" has been an anachronism. As it turns out, however, the *Christian* no more appreciates the position of the men of science it condemns, than the writer of the epistle to the Romans did the position of the Jews. He charged them with absence of faith, because they were devoted to works; not perceiving that their very works showed their faith in the word of Him who had made His promises to them dependent on the fulfilment of certain conditions. So it is with the *Christian* and the men of science. The *Christian* charges them with presumption for placing implicit reliance on the stability and certainty of the Creator's laws, and for gratefully using the means at their disposal for keeping the land free from epidemic, and expressing their confidence in them. The *Christian* hints that if England does not give up three vices—pride, ambition, covetousness—which, by the way, are no worse in England than they used to be, and no more flagrant here than in other countries, "He that sitteth on the heavens" will laugh sanitary science to scorn, or, in other words, will send the plague in defiance and subversion of all the natural laws. He Himself has laid down and enabled men to discover. The *Christian* apparently thinks there is no presumption in ignoring the laws of nature, and despising the knowledge of them, while Christians humble themselves in prayer. To us, however, it seems the height of pride and presumption to sit begging and whining for that which we have eyes to see and hands to take. We commend to the *Christian* the words of the Psalmist—"He plentifully rewardeth the proud doer."—W. & X.

P.S.—As a practical illustration of what so-called religious contempt for natural appliances may do, read the following:—

"In 1771, the plague again appeared in Moscow, when the panic was almost incredible, and the population would not hear of any prophylactic or sanitary means, regarding the latter as the cause of the disease. The Archbishop Ambrosius, a highly educated and zealous priest, tried in vain to reason with the terror-stricken people; they openly accused him of having conspired with the physicians and the police to kill them, and, dragging him from his convent, murdered him. During the whole month of September, 21,401 persons died in Moscow and were buried, according to official documents; while the number of those who died and were buried in secret is unknown."—*British Medical Journal*, 15th February, 1879.

"The Russian nation is much given to melancholy and despondency. Both the long years of serfdom and the severe climate have developed this tendency which is said to exist in all nations that dwell in plains. Such disasters as the plague have always been considered as direct signs of the wrath of God, and displeasure of the Saints."

Is it not possible that what may be regarded as a mistranslation in the Bible has something to do with these opinions? I believe one of the kings is said to have succumbed because he sought not unto the Lord but unto the physicians, i.e., really he put faith in *φαρμακοι* or wizards, belonging to the heathen.

BAD NEWS.

MISS EMMA BLACKSTONE, a young lady of twenty, does not believe in being kissed too much or too indiscriminately. At Rufford Petty Sessions she charged Mr. Thomas Pickavant with having assaulted her by kissing her. Miss Blackstone stated that on the Sunday evening previous the defendant overtook her and her sister as they were walking home, and kissed her twice without her consent. She admitted that she was on friendly terms with the defendant, and that he had chafed her several times about her sweethearts. The bench retired for a short time, and the Chairman said they had been considering whether they should not send the defendant to prison. However, he would be fined fifty shillings; and he wished it to be understood that defendants, in any similar cases brought before them, would be sent to prison without the option of a fine. How awful! After this, the defendant in this case will be known by all the young ladies of his acquaintance as Pick-avaunt!

been heavy, neither has his imagination suffered eclipse; and, therefore, he is unwomanly. He is not a Jingo, neither by nature nor art, and woman is both. She cannot help herself until she calmly sits for instruction at the feet of the Liberal apostles. Their doctrines are born of Christianity. Liberalism is the personification of Christian dogma. It is peace on earth and goodwill toward men. It is liberty to the captive. It is freedom to the higher instincts of man, and generous interpretation of doubtful actions. But even Liberalism must preserve the *statu quo* towards woman. Woman demands equal political power with man; but if man would preserve any vantage ground from which to treat with woman, he will continue to bow her out of court. If she be admitted to the high court of politics, the ends of the earth will be set by the ears, and men be sent forth to war as cumberers of the ground. No; women must not have the franchise. Her nature is Tory, and, therefore, warlike. Give her Shylock's portion—she likes money. If she is not content, pray for her—she can stand a good deal of prayer. Woman is the brightest jewel in her husband's coronet only when she is a wife and not a master. She is the best of servants, but the worst of masters. She does not reason, but screams at conclusions. She must not vote until she is trained and drilled for war. Contending armies of women would imitate the Philistine hosts—they would appoint their champions, who would go out into the plain to defy the opposing army, and vex their souls in their hot displeasure. Woman is in rebellion, crying aloud for "rights" which are no rights, but privileges, and conferred by grace and favour. Absalom, peradventure, was caught by the hair, and killed in rebellion. Oh, woman, repent of thy Tory heart, lest so great a mischance befall thee!

BAD OLD MEN.

[FROM THE "LIVERPOOL LIBERAL REVIEW."]

THERE is, perhaps, no more sickening a spectacle than a bad old man. There are repulsive features about him that the ordinary youthful reprobate does not possess. Mixed up with his senility there is low cunning. He glories in his vices, and, therefore, makes little if any attempt to hide them. The innocence of youth is regarded by him with ill-disguised contempt; and when he is not ministering to his passions he is endeavouring to make others as depraved as himself. His hands may shake, his form may be bent, his eyes may be dim and watery, and he may be troubled with aches and pains which should convince him that so far as this world is concerned he is well-nigh played out. But he affects the airs and pleasures of a voluptuary of five-and-twenty. He curls his hair, paints his face, wears false teeth, attires himself in garments of gay colour and fanciful cut, sports a rakish-looking cane, and covers his shrivelled hands with the gayest of gloves. He struts about as jauntily as his stiff limbs will allow him to, and adorns his false, treacherous, and sensual face with a stereotyped smile. He is addicted to gallantry, and readily admits the charms of the wine cup. But he is prudent even in his wickedness. He strives all that he can to be vicious without endangering his constitution, and he does not dash money about like the immature "man about town" is accustomed to. A young prodigal will, perhaps, be generous by fits and starts, and will, perhaps, injure himself as much as any one else by the pranks which he will play. But the bad old man is stingy and calculating in everything, and he is utterly indifferent as to whom he hurts so long as he does not place his own precious person and interests in jeopardy. He has experimented until he has found out what he can stand and at what point he must pull himself up short; in what haunts of iniquity he can revel in security, and in what others it would be imprudent for him to place himself. He knows that he must not get drunk, because if he did he might fall into trouble or break down his health, but he feels that he may with impunity fire his veins with wine up to a certain pitch. He is not blind to the dangers which beset the individual who devotes himself to women of a certain sort. But here again he imagines that if prudence is exercised, serious danger may be avoided; and, as it is the exception not the rule for his amours to bring him into trouble, it is to be assumed that he is right. He knows as well as you do that when he lays seige to the heart of some burlesque enchantress or some beauty of the ballet, she will get out of him all that she can, and that she only allows him to be numbered among her admirers because she has the idea that he has a well-stocked purse. He requires no experience to teach him that if he wins her favour he will have to pay for it. But, while he resolves to secure that which has attracted his fancy, he also resolves that he will pay as little for the same as possible. Thus he goes

into the various romances (?) of which he is the hero with his eyes open, and if he plays the part of a Monte Christo, and delights the hearts of jewellers, who sell lovely and costly things in the way of bracelets, rings, etc., and of enterprising creatures who "keep the wolf" from their doors by disposing of bouquets of flowers at the moderate price of a guinea a-piece, he only does so because he realises that if he did not he would have very little chance of accomplishing his purpose. Of course, cute and calculating though he is, he is made a fool of sometimes, but he makes a fool of more than makes a fool of him. He is especially successful when he lays seige not to the hearts of such veterans as burlesque enchantresses and beauties of the ballet, but to tyros, whose heads are as weak and giddy as their wants or necessities are great and their pockets empty.

Bad old men are principally to be found in their most highly-developed state in London, but they flourish more or less in provincial towns. They haunt the stalls of fast theatres, and gaze with enjoyment at the displays of female limbs which are there provided for their delectation. They haunt promenades and public places, such as parks, and leer hideously at the girls whom they there meet, unless the girls have big brothers with them or look likely to resent insults in a manner more forcible than pleasant. Sometimes they cunningly affect to play the rôle of the benignant patriarch. They will pet children in order that they may win favour with their nurses. They will assume a fatherly manner towards young ladies, so that they may get the chance, after a while, of making love. They may be found lurking in all sorts of places, at curious times, in which respect they resemble so many wild beasts of prey. Yet a few innocent people believe in them. Women who know little of the world are apt to declare that they are the dearest and the kindest of old gentlemen. It is well for these trusting creatures if they never have reason to confess that they have been deceived. Of course, in their society bad old men do not talk in their usual way. It is only other men and women who have been caught in his toils, who can tell how utterly and irredeemably bad a bad old man is. When he is in his natural element he shows that he believe neither in honesty nor virtue. He sets up as a cynic, and mocks and scoffs at everything true and beautiful. If he meets a young man who seems inclined to trust his neighbour he will smile pityingly and say that he did that sort of thing once, but he knows better than to do so now. He will even go so far as to deny that there is any goodness at all in our midst. If a man is religious he will argue that it is for a purpose, and a selfish one. He would have you believe that every one is at heart bad, and that every one would appear so if he were so unfortunate as to be found out, and to be seen as he is. He is full of racy and not over-refined anecdotes calculated to show the depravity of humanity. He gloats and chuckles over each proof of his neighbours' immorality that comes to his hand. He encourages young men who are inclined to "go to the bad" to throw aside what little good there is in them, and when, through their reckless folly, they ruin and disgrace themselves, he laughs as if he had achieved some grand triumph. It never occurs to him to help those whose downfall is largely owing to his baneful influence, and if one of his victims hanged himself out of sheer despair and shame he would feel no more pain than if he was informed that a vicious tom cat had succumbed to a still more vicious terrier dog. He loves to keep what he has to himself, and it is not unlikely that he would be a mere rapacious miser if his passions and fondness of enjoyment were not even greater than his desire to accumulate wealth. While he is careful to surround himself with every luxury that money can command he has few friends. If a few poor souls who do not see beyond the ends of their noses think him an intensely respectable member of society, those who know him best feel that it would be impossible to respect, much less love, him. Truth to tell, however, he does not very much want to be loved or respected. Nor is this astonishing, seeing that, judging from himself, he really believes all people to be "whited sepulchres." It is not often that he is actually dishonest, *i.e.*, in a legal point of view. But he is an unscrupulous trader, and, in order to enrich himself, will ruin another without feeling the slightest compunction. Even when he is tottering on the verge of the grave, a drivelling dotard, he will gloat and chuckle over the darker side of humanity, and make jokes which would cause a sensitive person to blush. He is an example of how a man may live a vicious life and yet attain a good old age, so long as he has sufficient wit to reduce dissipation and debauchery to a science and enough self-control to urge him to make even his follies subservient, not to his conscience, for in that he does not believe, but to his judgment. Those who contemplate him may be excused if they think it a pity that all fast men do not die young.

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The Glorious Land of the Free!

DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES AT THE ATHENÆUM.

ON Friday and Saturday evenings last, the members of the Athenæum Dramatic Reading Society gave two voluntary performances in the Lecture Hall, in aid of the funds of the Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Schools, which worthy institution is suffering in consequence of the present bad state of trade, that has thrown so many clerks, &c., out of employment. It is, therefore, satisfactory to know that the proceeds from the two entertainments amounted to a very fair sum. The performances commenced each night with George Colman's comedy entitled *The Heir at Law*, and concluded with T. J. Williams' screaming farce entitled *My Turn Next*. The members of the A. D. R. S. may be congratulated on their entertainments being a success, and both the scenery and dresses were appropriate. Most of the characters were fairly represented by the several ladies and gentlemen. Of the ladies, Mrs. Bickerstaff sustained the rôle of "Lady Duberley" in her usual efficient manner. Miss A. Villiers made as much of the tame character of "Caroline Dormer" as it was possible for her to do, and Miss Warner would have been pleasing had she spoken less indistinctly. Of the gentlemen, Mr. Murray's rendering of the character of "Dick Dowlass," and Mr. Forrest's rendering of "Zekiel Homespun" both displayed fair acting talent, and showed that they had taken the trouble to study the business of their parts, and the latter succeeded in eliciting a great amount of laughter. Although Mr. J. Cavanah showed some good acting in "Dr. Pangloss," still it might have been better. Mr. Rumsey as "Lord Duberley" and Mr. Marriott as "Stedfast" added lustre to the piece by their careful acting, and Mr. Hall sustained the character of "Kenrick" (Miss Dormer's Irish servant) in an efficient manner. Of the three other gentlemen the less said the better. Of the characters in the farce Mrs. Bickerstaff's "Peggy," Mr. Rumsey's "Taraxicuum Twitters," and Mr. Atkinson's "Tim Bolus" were all effectively personated, and they succeeded in extracting a great amount of genuine fun out of their parts.

THE CHRISTIAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

SIR,—The *Christian* has fallen foul of the *Times* for expressing reliance on sanitary measures to keep the plague out of England. Without intending a pun, we may say this is not the first occasion on which a "Christian" has been an anachronism. As it turns out, however, the *Christian* no more appreciates the position of the men of science it condemns, than the writer of the epistle to the Romans did the position of the Jews. He charged them with absence of faith, because they were devoted to works; not perceiving that their *very works* showed their faith in the word of Him who had made His promises to them dependent on the fulfilment of certain conditions. So it is with the *Christian* and the men of science. The *Christian* charges them with presumption for placing implicit reliance on the stability and certainty of the Creator's laws, and for gratefully using the means at their disposal for keeping the land free from epidemic, and expressing their confidence in them. The *Christian* hints that if England does not give up three vices—pride, ambition, covetousness—which, by the way, are no worse in England than they used to be, and no more flagrant here than in other countries, "He that sitteth on the heavens" will laugh sanitary science to scorn, or, in other words, will send the plague in defiance and subversion of all the natural laws He Himself has laid down and enabled men to discover. The *Christian* apparently thinks there is no presumption in ignoring the laws of nature, and despising the knowledge of them, while Christians humble themselves in prayer. To us, however, it seems the height of pride and presumption to sit begging and whining for that which we have eyes to see and hands to take. We commend to the *Christian* the words of the Psalmist—"He plentifully rewardeth the proud doer."—W. & X.

P.S.—As a practical illustration of what so-called religious contempt for natural appliances may do, read the following:—

"In 1771, the plague again appeared in Moscow, when the panic was almost incredible, and the population would not hear of any prophylactic or sanitary means, regarding the latter as the cause of the disease. The Archbishop Ambrosius, a highly educated and zealous priest, tried in vain to reason with the terror-stricken people; they openly accused him of having conspired with the physicians and the police to kill them, and, dragging him from his convent, murdered him. During the whole month of September, 21,401 persons died in Moscow and were buried, according to official documents; while the number of those who died and were buried in secret is unknown."—*British Medical Journal*, 15th February, 1879.

"The Russian nation is much given to melancholy and despondency. Both the long years of serfdom and the severe climate have developed this tendency which is said to exist in all nations that dwell in plains. Such disasters as the plague have always been considered as direct signs of the wrath of God, and displeasure of the Saints."

Is it not possible that what may be regarded as a mistranslation in the Bible has something to do with these opinions? I believe one of the kings is said to have succumbed because he sought not unto the Lord but unto the physicians, i.e., really he put faith in *φάρμακοι* or wizards, belonging to the heathen.

BAD NEWS.

MISS EMMA BLACKSTONE, a young lady of twenty, does not believe in being kissed too much or too indiscriminately. At Rufford Petty Sessions she charged Mr. Thomas Pickavant with having assaulted her by kissing her. Miss Blackstone stated that on the Sunday evening previous the defendant overtook her and her sister as they were walking home, and kissed her twice without her consent. She admitted that she was on friendly terms with the defendant, and that he had chafed her several times about her sweethearts. The bench retired for a short time, and the Chairman said they had been considering whether they should not send the defendant to prison. However, he would be fined fifty shillings; and he wished it to be understood that defendants, in any similar cases brought before them, would be sent to prison without the option of a fine. How awful! After this, the defendant in this case will be known by all the young ladies of his acquaintance as Pick-avant!

been heavy, neither has his imagination suffered eclipse; and, therefore, he is unwomanly. He is not a Jingo, neither by nature nor art, and woman is both. She cannot help herself until she calmly sits for instruction at the feet of the Liberal apostles. Their doctrines are born of Christianity. Liberalism is the personification of Christian dogma. It is peace on earth and goodwill toward men. It is liberty to the captive. It is freedom to the higher instincts of man, and generous interpretation of doubtful actions. But even Liberalism must preserve the *statu quo* towards woman. Woman demands equal political power with man; but if man would preserve any vantage ground from which to treat with woman, he will continue to bow her out of court. If she be admitted to the high court of politics, the ends of the earth will be set by the ears, and men be sent forth to war as cumberers of the ground. No; women must not have the franchise. Her nature is Tory, and, therefore, warlike. Give her Shylock's portion—she likes money. If she is not content, pray for her—she can stand a good deal of prayer. Woman is the brightest jewel in her husband's coronet only when she is a wife and not a master. She is the best of servants, but the worst of masters. She does not reason, but screams at conclusions. She must not vote until she is trained and drilled for war. Contending armies of women would imitate the Philistine hosts—they would appoint their champions, who would go out into the plain to defy the opposing army, and vex their souls in their hot displeasure. Woman is in rebellion, crying aloud for "rights" which are no rights, but privileges, and conferred by grace and favour. Absalom, peradventure, was caught by the hair, and killed in rebellion. Oh, woman, repent of thy Tory heart, lest so great a mischance befall thee!

BAD OLD MEN.

[FROM THE "LIVERPOOL LIBERAL REVIEW."]

HERE is, perhaps, no more sickening a spectacle than a bad old man. There are repulsive features about him that the ordinary youthful reprobate does not possess. Mixed up with his senility there is low cunning. He glories in his vices, and, therefore, makes little if any attempt to hide them. The innocence of youth is regarded by him with ill-disguised contempt; and when he is not ministering to his passions he is endeavouring to make others as depraved as himself. His hands may shake, his form may be bent, his eyes may be dim and watery, and he may be troubled with aches and pains which should convince him that so far as this world is concerned he is well-nigh played out. But he affects the airs and pleasures of a voluptuary of five-and-twenty. He curls his hair, paints his face, wears false teeth, attires himself in garments of gay colour and fanciful cut, sports a rakish-looking cane, and covers his shrivelled hands with the gayest of gloves. He struts about as jauntily as his stiff limbs will allow him to, and adorns his false, treacherous, and sensual face with a stereotyped smile. He is addicted to gallantry, and readily admits the charms of the wine cup. But he is prudent even in his wickedness. He strives all that he can to be vicious without endangering his constitution, and he does not dash money about like the immature "man about town" is accustomed to. A young prodigal will, perhaps, be generous by fits and starts, and will, perhaps, injure himself as much as any one else by the pranks which he will play. But the bad old man is stingy and calculating in everything, and he is utterly indifferent as to whom he hurts so long as he does not place his own precious person and interests in jeopardy. He has experimented until he has found out what he can stand and at what point he must pull himself up short; in what haunts of iniquity he can revel in security, and in what others it would be imprudent for him to place himself. He knows that he must not get drunk, because if he did he might fall into trouble or break down his health, but he feels that he may with impunity fire his veins with wine up to a certain pitch. He is not blind to the dangers which beset the individual who devotes himself to women of a certain sort. But here again he imagines that if prudence is exercised, serious danger may be avoided; and, as it is the exception not the rule for his amours to bring him into trouble, it is to be assumed that he is right. He knows as well as you do that when he lays siege to the heart of some burlesque enchantress or some beauty of the ballet, she will get out of him all that she can, and that she only allows him to be numbered among her admirers because she has the idea that he has a well-stocked purse. He requires no experience to teach him that if he wins her favour he will have to pay for it. But, while he resolves to secure that which has attracted his fancy, he also resolves that he will pay as little for the same as possible. Thus he goes

into the various romances (?) of which he is the hero with his eyes open, and if he plays the part of a Monte Christo, and delights the hearts of jewellers, who sell lovely and costly things in the way of bracelets, rings, etc., and of enterprising creatures who "keep the wolf" from their doors by disposing of bouquets of flowers at the moderate price of a guinea a-piece, he only does so because he realises that if he did not he would have very little chance of accomplishing his purpose. Of course, cute and calculating though he is, he is made a fool of sometimes, but he makes a fool of more than makes a fool of him. He is especially successful when he lays siege not to the hearts of such veterans as burlesque enchantresses and beauties of the ballet, but to tyros, whose heads are as weak and giddy as their wants or necessities are great and their pockets empty.

Bad old men are principally to be found in their most highly-developed state in London, but they flourish more or less in provincial towns. They haunt the stalls of fast theatres, and gaze with enjoyment at the displays of female limbs which are there provided for their delectation. They haunt promenades and public places, such as parks, and leer hideously at the girls whom they there meet, unless the girls have big brothers with them or look likely to resent insults in a manner more forcible than pleasant. Sometimes they cunningly affect to play the rôle of the benignant patriarch. They will pet children in order that they may win favour with their nurses. They will assume a fatherly manner towards young ladies, so that they may get the chance, after a while, of making love. They may be found lurking in all sorts of places, at curious times, in which respect they resemble so many wild beasts of prey. Yet a few innocent people believe in them. Women who know little of the world are apt to declare that they are the dearest and the kindest of old gentlemen. It is well for these trusting creatures if they never have reason to confess that they have been deceived. Of course, in their society bad old men do not talk in their usual way. It is only other men and women who have been caught in his toils, who can tell how utterly and irredeemably bad a bad old man is. When he is in his natural element he shows that he believe neither in honesty nor virtue. He sets up as a cynic, and mocks and scoffs at everything true and beautiful. If he meets a young man who seems inclined to trust his neighbour he will smile pityingly and say that he did that sort of thing once, but he knows better than to do so now. He will even go so far as to deny that there is any goodness at all in our midst. If a man is religious he will argue that it is for a purpose, and a selfish one. He would have you believe that every one is at heart bad, and that every one would appear so if he were so unfortunate as to be found out, and to be seen as he is. He is full of racy and not over-refined anecdotes calculated to show the depravity of humanity. He gloats and chuckles over each proof of his neighbours' immorality that comes to his hand. He encourages young men who are inclined to "go to the bad" to throw aside what little good there is in them, and when, through their reckless folly, they ruin and disgrace themselves, he laughs as if he had achieved some grand triumph. It never occurs to him to help those whose downfall is largely owing to his baneful influence, and if one of his victims hanged himself out of sheer despair and shame he would feel no more pain than if he was informed that a vicious tom cat had succumbed to a still more vicious terrier dog. He loves to keep what he has to himself, and it is not unlikely that he would be a more rapacious miser if his passions and fondness of enjoyment were not even greater than his desire to accumulate wealth. While he is careful to surround himself with every luxury that money can command he has few friends. If a few poor souls who do not see beyond the ends of their noses think him an intensely respectable member of society, those who know him best feel that it would be impossible to respect, much less love, him. Truth to tell, however, he does not very much want to be loved or respected. Nor is this astonishing, seeing that, judging from himself, he really believes all people to be "whited sepulchres." It is not often that he is actually dishonest, *i.e.*, in a legal point of view. But he is an unscrupulous trader, and, in order to enrich himself, will ruin another without feeling the slightest compunction. Even when he is tottering on the verge of the grave, a drivelling dotard, he will gloat and chuckle over the darker side of humanity, and make jokes which would cause a sensitive person to blush. He is an example of how a man may live a vicious life and yet attain a good old age, so long as he has sufficient wit to reduce dissipation and debauchery to a science and enough self-control to urge him to make even his follies subservient, not to his conscience, for in that he does not believe, but to his judgment. Those who contemplate him may be excused if they think it a pity that all fast men do not die young.

GRAND CONCERT IN ST. MICHAEL'S WARD.

A GRAND concert in aid of the St. Michael's Ward Relief Fund took place last night at the Police Hall, Churnet Street, and proved to be one of the most successful affairs ever seen in that district. The programme, which was a very lengthy one, contained no less than twenty-two items, consisting of songs, glees, readings, instrumental solos, and selections by the Police Band, and was gone through in a highly satisfactory manner. Mr. Councillor Ben Brierley was, as usual, the central attraction, and last night was in perhaps his happiest vein, his two readings being given with a gusto which has to be heard to be fairly appreciated. Mr. R. Dottie, who is a universal favourite in the locality, was also well received by his auditors, and our inimitable friend, Mr. J. H. Greenwood, fairly carried his hearers by storm with his laughable story of the "House that Jack Built," which he confidentially told the audience had been once commanded by Her Majesty, who, after having heard it, told him never to do it again. Two lady artistes, Miss Sutton and Miss Hodgson, lent a charming variety to the programme. These, with Messrs. R. Williamson, Frank Hollins, T. Derby, and a glee party, made up a very entertaining evening. The pianoforte solos by Mr. J. Batchelder are too well known to need comment; it is sufficient to say that he played in his usual masterly style, and received a hearty *encore*. The only fault in the programme was its unusual length, which caused it to trespass upon late hours, and we may also remark *en passant* that, excellent as the police band is, it is never a good or wise plan to bring a brass band into the compass of a room so moderate in size as the Churnet Street Public Hall. The room was literally crammed, and the audience were remarkably select and appreciative, and we have no doubt the funds of the St. Michael's Ward Relief Committee will be greatly enhanced by the proceedings.

ALICE ADAMS.

Alice Adams has again been through another trial, and the same result exactly has been arrived at as we had to record on the former occasion—the case is again postponed to the next Assizes. Meanwhile, she is at liberty to go when and where she may, whilst the other person most concerned in the case is closely mewed up within the four walls of a prison cell. Whence comes this most signal failure of our boasted English laws, which have now allowed three trials to take place on one subject without ever yet coming to a satisfactory issue? We have the services of nearly seven hundred of the wise men of the land continually at our command, and those wise ones are continually making, amending, re-amending, and perfecting our laws, year by year, and yet, in spite of all the labour and expense wasted in this judicial farce, our laws seem to be getting more and more lax as time rolls on, every week bringing to light such vast discrepancies in their administration as to call for not only universal comment but universal censure also. If the law is in doubt still as to the truth of Alice Adams's statement, what about Seth Evans? Why is the man immured in his prison whilst judges and juries cannot even yet determine his guilt? It is patent to all that upon the guilt or innocence of Alice Adams rests the guilt or innocence of Seth Evans. The fact is that the primary cause of not only this, but many other gross miscarriages of justice, lies in the manner in which witnesses are examined and cross-examined by counsel, whose sole object seems to be not to elicit truth from their unfortunate victims, but to involve them in a series of contradictions, by putting the same questions in a dozen different forms, and it is very rarely indeed that a witness has nerve to undergo the scathing ordeal. Witnesses are not allowed to tell a straightforward story in our law courts, they are only allowed to answer questions put to them by counsel; they are led on by these questions to tell whatever story their examining inquisitor wishes to put into their mouths, and are no match for the subtlety which lurks under the smile of their tormentors, that lures them on, like the small birds are said to be lured by the eyes of a rattlesnake, until they cannot retreat, and they fall easy victims into the snare which has all the while been lying hidden for their destruction. This may be law, but it is not justice, and it is mainly owing to this pernicious practice that such legal dilemmas as that of Alice Adams are arrived at. If she is guilty, why is she allowed to be at large from assize to assize, whilst her victim is pining in his cell? and if she is innocent, what must be the state of our code of justice, which allows her to be persecuted with a fresh trial from time to time without any prospect of her innocence being made manifest? Is trial by jury, our boasted institution of a thousand years, nothing but a farce?

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Junior Reform Club continues to flourish. The first annual meeting of the members was held yesterday, and it appears from the accounts that £1,080 was received in subscriptions, and about £3,000 for dinners, &c., during the year. What do the Junior Conservatives say to that?

Mr. EDGAR BARNES—one of the chief contributors to the columns of the *City Jackdaw*—leaves Manchester to-day, to enter upon his new position as London correspondent of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. He was entertained by his fellow-Pressmen in the Dog and Partridge Hotel, last night. Mr. Barnes needs no praise. His work in the past speaks for itself, and is a good augury of what his work in the future may be expected to be. We congratulate him on his success, and wish him well.

Do you believe in dreams? George Wylds, a seaman, was charged at the Deal Police Court, the other day, with refusing to proceed to sea in the barque "Umjinto," on a voyage from London to Port Natal. George told the magistrates that he was satisfied with the ship, officers, and food; but that he had had a dream that the ship would be lost, and he would not go to sea in her for any amount of money. Once before he had a dream that a vessel in which he was sailing would be lost, and it was lost. George is now in gaol, and will remain there for the next two months. Imprisonment is bad, but drowning is worse. Therefore, George Wylds is no doubt content.

ONLY the other week I mentioned a curious mistake which the *Times* had made. In reporting a police case it sent the magistrate, instead of the culprit, to prison! Now it is the *Standard's* turn. This is from a recent number of that paper:—"In our yesterday's issue we reported a case at the Middlesex Sessions, in which a man named Cox was convicted of stealing a ring and other property from the house of Mr. Alexander Thorn, of 1, Elm Park Gardens, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. In the summary of the case which appeared in the same issue the name of the prosecutor was, by an error, substituted for that of the prisoner."

MARGARET SHUGARD has a sweet name; but Margaret is a bad one, for all that. At Portsmouth Police Court, the other day, she was convicted for the 200th time of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. She has expended a small fortune in fines; but for some time past the magistrates have sent her to prison without the option of paying a fine. In the present case, although she came provided with the customary fine, she was sentenced to a month's hard labour.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth.

- "Con Amore."—We don't agree with you.
- "L. T."—Why should you vex yourself so?
- "H. L. S."—A minor is not liable to an action for breach of promise of marriage.
- "Fairplay."—You seem, on the statement you make to us, to be quite rightly charged.
- "A. B. C."—We do not answer questions about prize-fights or prize-fighters.
- "X."—The London address of the Baroness Burdett Coutts is Stratton Street, Piccadilly.
- "W. A. H."—Bail may be allowed in all cases but murder and treason; but it is not usual to allow bail in cases of felony.
- "David Smith."—A witness cannot be compelled to return from a foreign country to give evidence upon a trial in England.
- "Gloucester."—In the last year of Mr. Gladstone's Administration the income tax was at the rate of 3d. in the pound.
- "A. B."—Public houses are not exempt from inhabited house duty, but are chargeable at 6d., instead of 9d., in the pound on the annual value.
- "Cyprus."—The surviving executor acts; he may use his own discretion as to the way of realising the estate, in the absence of specific directions in the will.
- "F. P."—A letter addressed to Mr. H. M. Stanley, at his publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street, London, E.C., would probably find him.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

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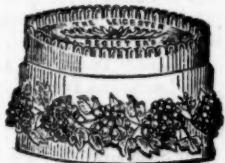
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